## ALAN DALE DISCOVERS A STAGE ARTIST WHO SPEAKS ENGLISH.

And She Is Native She Hasn't Any What She Says of Born, 1s Miss from Europe.

only that, but I am impelled to tremble slightly as I reflect that an outraged populace may string me up and stone me. I have defied the conventions; liferally broken through all established precedents, and slighted the international managers whose duty it is to inject silees of London and Paris into the wholesome New York flesh. Not to keep you in ignorance of my misdeeds any longer, I will say (ah! how I hate to say it) that I have dared to talk—for publication—to a native American artist, who to-morrow night will appear upon a stage dedicated to foreign talent. In other words, I have spoken to Miss Marie—Halton, who is "brilled" for Koster & Bial's.

Probably you know nothing at all about it. Miss Halton—foolish, foolish woman!—has no string of suicidal degenerates dang.

All. No mental "fook up my card to ask mode of the great mistand in you while condescend to receive me. No jabbering "personal repreted any means," said Miss Halton, "and when I appear I shall do so with a good company. I don't want to star. Starring is one of the great mistakes that women make. They tre the public in their cf. forts to attract attention to themselves any longer, I will say (ah! how I shall be most inappy to act as your in good. All-round performance, just as I mis good all-round performance, just as I mis good. All-round performance at Koster & Bial's.

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That means 'Bon jour.'"

Diamonds, and No Her New Act, Marie Halton, One Has Ever Her Gowns and and Just Back Committed Sui- Songs and Her cide for Her. Pickaninnies.

I feel dreadfully ashamed of myself. Not hall. No mental "took up my card" to ask only that, but I am impelled to tremble madame if she would condescend to reany means," said Miss Halton, "and when



"Yes, I have actually dared to have a dress made here. I really have a figure although you wouldn't think it to look at my face, would you?"

"I shall sing one song in which I shall laugh like a Farmer a Lord and-Myself."

ling at her chatelaine. No press agent bas Ah, humorous McConneil! With all your ransacked the peerage for names of titled dolts who have slam themselves for the situation. You saw the grotesque position dolls who have slare themselves for the sweet sake of her piquancy. If she owns diamonds—and struggle as a woman will, it is almost impossible to avoid owning diamonds—she keeps them at the bottom of her trunk for ballast. She has no \$15,000,000 fob lot of thatas to cart about from city to city. Then, as I said before. Miss Helton is an American. There is no use Leating about the bush, and calling a spade a heart or a club. Miss Halton is an American, and I will isil you why. She was born in America. Oh, charitable ones, forgive her that transgression! She could not help it. We are born, willy-nilly, at the dulect discretion of our mommers. They never consult us. Although your birth in a stable would not of necessity

some spaghetti-eating Italian, or some soul- mal amount of brain, could scarcely avoid ful Parislenne with relatives in South Fifth liking it very much indeed. avenue, every "interviewer" in the city "Aind, yous aimez l'Amerique?" I be would be peatering her for the story of her gan using the dear old formula, in dear of past life and her real name. As it is, she French. Then I immediately apologized to is merely an American girl who some years the slip, and changed my query to one ex ago made a big bit at the Casino in comic pressing a desire to know why Miss Halton opera, foolishly forsook her embryonic lau- contemplated an appearance at Koster & reis and went abraya, appeared at the layric Theatre in London, and the Folies Marigny in Paris, managed a London playhouse, established herself as surely as an erratic woman can establish herself, and thing might be. So she laughed. And then came back at the dictates of her own she laughed again. And then I laughed, to caprices. And the gentlemen who are supposed to have the interests of the stage woven into their nuricles and ventricles say the music hall stage," she said, "is a very the music hall stage," she sa to themselves; "That isn't our style. It isn't Barrisonian enough. It isn't sufficiently Otero-esque. It isn't in the least Guilbert-ian. This Miss Halton isn't even a mademoiselle or a signorina. She might a mademoiselle or a signorina. She might at least have deigned to be a fraulein. A fore."

I did. Indeed I did, although she spoke going to bother ourselves about a miss who speaks English as well as we do. It would be too ridiculous. Ha! Ha! And permit us also to add He! He! He!"

Seriously," said Miss Haiton, "I have been contemplating the music hall for a long that the seriously is the seriously of the seriously.

That's why I tremble and am afraid of line. In London I was always on the eve being strung up. But you'll forgive me, boys and girls, wont you, for daring to intrude upon you with nothing better than an American subject. Remember, I've done my duty like a man. I have devoted oullinited space to the gorgeous Otero and to myself, after my 'Santa Maria' engage.

"Miss Halton doesn't look intrude upon you with nothing better than an American Subject. Remember, I've done my duty like a man. I have devoted outlinited space to the gorgeous Otero and to myself, after my 'Santa Maria' engage.

"Miss Halton doesn't look intrude upon you with nothing better than a broad told me not to do it, and I like a Mary. You would take to myself, after my 'Santa Maria' engage. her grandmother's diamonds. If you imagine that I enjoyed such chronicles you make the mistake of your life. I sactified my own sentiments to yours. Therefore, patient ones, let me have an innings. Bear with me for a while.

I saw Marie Halton in the cozy little openly admitted that she was an American business office of Koster & Bial's music bon't blame me.

they never consult us. Although your birth in a stable would not of necessity make you a horse, you are an American if you first see the light of day in America. Marte Halton did that.

So you will understand why I tremble as I wield a pen to tell you about an American girl who has come back from abroad to appeal to her own appairs people. You degenerates would not kill themselves for the stable of the st to appeal to her own country people. You degenerates would not kill themselves for see, I know that I shall be quite alone, and I hate solitude. If Miss Halton had been of wig, and duly furnished with the nor-

steadily downward. I am not a religious woman, but I believe that there is some one above who is not going to allow thus tice to triumph. I was very bally treated in those days. I was held up to public disdain, and I was very unhappy. I never me like a book. It was a novel sensation—

"No. you need at, you read, she sighed. "I am going to have a some written called 'Mary's Fat Face,' and shall sing it just to spite myself. I have to get even with myself. Why should have it, when my figure is so good?"

rotested. What is the use of protesting? have forgotten all about it now. I have

defiantly. "I haven't spoken about it to anybody. It is a surprise. Why should I give away my surprises? What can you offer me in return but facetious comments? Ah, yes, I can see you laughing at poor Mary. (I call myself Mary, because Marie grows so fatiguing.) I can imagine exactly what you will write about it. Too much advertisement is a great evil. I don't like it. I got it once, and its cruelty and the search of the boys is the clever little fellow who appeared with Francis Wison. Possibly you remember him. I am going to try and be mystle. These boys will create among the audience, swinging perfuned censers around; then they will requisite emaciation. It stays with me."

"I have seen the people who played that horrible trick upon me." she continued, "just to advertise their own theatre, go steadily downward. I am not a religious woman, but I believe that there is some

rather pleasant, I think.
"I know your ideas," she went on. "You recalled a certain pink costume work in are saying to yourself that as soon "Santa Maria," and hinted that the ils.
"Santa Maria," and hinted that the ils. and she will immediately burst forth into some touching balled called 'I Love You.' or 'Love, Love, Sweetest Love,' with trills and roulades, and with musical jiggles."

Miss Halton is undoubtedly a mind reader.

That is provided. The insulation of the figure had not been lost upon me.

"Oh, that costume!" she said. "It was a trife outre. No, I shall not wear anything like it. I was in comic opera then, and

pest. I felt quite confused.

"I knew it," said Miss Halton triumphantly, "I knew it. Well, let me tell you that you have made quite a mistake, my deer man. Mary is not going to tackle any ballad. Mary can sing 'I Love You' with trills and frills if she cares to do it. But she doesn't believe that the music hall public wants it, even from a comic opera.

Your own head and cannot blame me. I can discuss other subjects much more interestingly."

And she can. Miss Halton is an encyclopedia of chatty information. If I had a few more pages at my disposal I should be delighted to give some of it to you. As it is, you must be satisfied with the thought that I enjoyed it myself. Miss Halton gave me a vivid description. she doesn't believe that the music hall public wants it, even from a comic opera singer. She is going to indulge in chanson-ettes. She has a song called "The Beauty Spot" that she considers catchy. She is coing to sing it, and act it. She has one formances he analyzes. Then she discovered to the constant of the content of the content

remarks. Miss Haiton doesn't look like a act, and just awakening your curiosity Mary. You would take her for an Ameri- not to gratify it. can Cerisette, or Angeline, or Felicie or | If Miss Haiton had been a foreign scris-

resumed. "You see me-now admit you see Impress. If people had gone down in bonts ne-in the typical short skirts, flounced to meet her at Quarantine and had cha that I am going to manipulate them in the room to the gigantic boom! boom! of abapproved manner. Am I right?"

ton fathomed my conventionality. I tried however, and that is her one error. She to say that I hadn't thought anything of enjoys it, though, and mentions the fact on the sort. But I had, and Miss Halton knew every occasion.

It, and laughed in her own good-natured And one of these days Miss Halton and

would you?"
Interval for interrogation,
"I hate my too s said Miss Halton. "It's glad "Enfin! None volin!"
so chubby. It is the bane of my life.

Miss Halton is undoubtedly a mind reader.

That is precisely what I had thought. You see, my experience of comic opera ladies is that they dote on the sentimental wedded to florid music. They have voices, and they feel that it is their duty to use them, irrelevantly or otherwise. I know Lillian Russell, and Camille d'Arville, and Marie Temsor own head and cannot blame mean discuss other subjects much more in controlled.

or two other songs, of which she is not cussed Clement Scott, whom she called "a pulte so certain. They are a trifle risque, dear good thing" with plenty of creditable and she may avoid them, because they are in English, and she is afraid. If Mary we in London she would unhesitatingly do them, but Mary is in New York."

day good ining with plenty of creatable eccentricities. Her views of Yvette Gullbert, Marie Tempest, Letty Lind, Maurice Farkoa, George Edwardes, Theo. Judic and other celebrities would also amuss I couldn't help laughing at the "Mary" you. You see, I'm doing the Tantalus

you would have had all these views long "I can read your thoughts again," she ago in the shape of impressions that never approved manner. Am I right?"

aorumi advertisement, you would have had
I grew quite uncomfortable as Miss HaiHalton-on-the-brain. She is an American,

other clever children of Uncle Sam will other clever children of Ungle Sam will come in a come i loss them. I really here a funce, although that is the appucies writing for engage you wouldn't think it to look at my face.

Would you?"

Americans, lastes who sneeded about any are dealed a hearing at home, will care



worked like a Trojan night and day, andworked like a Trojan hight and day, and—
and—here I am again. I came back to
America—well, I'm not quite sure why I
came back to America. You see I'm here,
though, don't you?"

"And your net at Koster & Blai's?"

"And your net at Koster & Blai's?"

"And your net at Koster & Blai's?"

"The punishment dealt out to one of the days, walked around the miscale days walk "During my stay abroad," continued Miss wrote to a friend in Modena. The officer "Then he withdrew to the cage, about laiton, ignoring my little query, "I noticed says that in order to strike horror into the fifty feet away, and stood still, eyeing his ac thing with considerable pride. It was hearts of the natives it was decided to envictim, his mane raised and trembling.

that most of the successful women in comic opera and grand opera are Americans. It is a wonderful thing, but it is an undoubted fact, that we have the best voices in the world. European managers know that. The trained American girl is the singer most in demand on the other side. That doesn't seem to be very well known herb. Americans are not prond of their country-women, or auxious to recognize them. Doesn't it seem odd? I wonder what the real explanation is?"

I felt inclined to say "cussedness," but there is some more psychological reason than that, so I let the subject drop.

"You might tell him about your act," finally ventured Monsieur McConnell, with one eye to business and another on the

"I move that all reference to Otero be the plaintive voice of the Somail imploring But the missiles fell thick and furious, and stricken out as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," remarked McConneil, legally.

Miss Halton laughed. "Well," she said, a speedy deliverance, and again asked his arms and feet showed, behind as outhouse "let me to the point. I have got a number executioners for speedy death by a bullet, where he tore the Somail to wieces an of little pickanianies, and I am going to The suspense lasted a minute or two, while then devoured the body ravenously. The

interest one eye to business and another on the clock.

"You think so?" she asked hesitatingly.
"Perhaps, after all, as I'm in Rome, I might as well be a Roman. It is just a little episode that I consider rather artistic.
There's no harm in being artistic, is there?

Otero"—
"I move that all reference to Otero be

garb them very gorgeously, in yelvet the Hen, who had been fasting for several execution insted fully ten minutes.



"I have got a number of little pickaninnies and I am going to garb them very gorgeously in velvet Zouaves."